

SUNBEAMS.



Hell-o, folks, how do ye do. How have you been conducting yourselves? I've been away longer than I expected. You see, I listened to the fool who said that welcome Robin was a sure sign of spring and made garden. That's been six or eight weeks ago. Since then I have done very little else than keep up a fire to heat water to keep the garden sass from freezing. I'm toin' a gun for this waddy jawed, one-eyed, son-of-a-mud-turtle and when I meet him I mean to furnish him free transportation into the sweet subsequently.

The chief aim of a man is to glorify God and raise hogs. I notice he usually raises the hogs first. The chief aim of woman is to spend the money the old-man gets for the hogs.

There are as many different signs of spring as there are people. To one the robin, to another the blue bird, to still another the twitter of the frogs. Me? O, I just meander along until I feel like I must lean against a tree to allay the irritation caused by my silk underwear or in other words, scratch my back. Then I know that spring has "come."

You are your own best friend and also your own worst enemy. No one can do so much for you nor do you more injury as yourself. Acquaintances should be few and well chosen. They may come in handy in a "pinch" but your one and only dependable friend is yourself.

You won't be held responsible for having but one talent, nor. But you will be called to the "carpet" to account for the way you have used said talent. Better find out what your talent is and be up and doing. The day of reckoning may not be far away.

They say "talk is cheap." Yes. But quite a few people are finding out that talk is expensive, as well as dangerous. In times like these a safe plan is to think a couple of times before you speak and then—don't.

They are talkin' of conscriptin' all the money (of us rich folks) over a million dollars and usin' it for the army. Now, why don't they take all of it. Who wants to worry along tryin' to keep up appearances on a paltry million. Why life won't be worth livin'.

The beautiful feature about Hooverizin' and substitutin' is that it costs about three times as much to prepare said substitutes in order to make them eatable as the real goods cost. But while it costs us more we are savin' the wheat.

Me? Well I've hooverized so intensely that I am so thin that in case I do go to war, I'll be in no danger of being shot—if I only have time to turn edge-wise.

Show me a man who says he never was worth killin' nor accomplished anything worth while till after he was married and I'll show you a man who never did anything after he was married (except to make some woman miserable).

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking how our cause it would promote if all women should be moving.

To the states where they can vote. —E. F. S., some time since.

Rachel, I am almost certain if the women wish to go where their votes will all be counted I'll be the last to say them no.

—Tennyson J. Dait, right now.

Reuben, once again I'm thinking you'd not stop for idle talk if the women should be moving.

You'd go too, if you had to walk. Roswell N. M.

O, you Reubens, I am thinkin' Some female has got your goat And you'll be pickin' with the chickens.

When the women get to vote.

S. J. I don't presume to even remotely predict when the war will end. But unless it does end I feel quite sure it will never stop. But I may say, in closing:

'Twill be Xmas eve in Berlin And the Huns will gather there The song of peace—good will to men Will float on the wintry air.

Then the Kaiser's voice in the distance (Bidding all tumult cease)

Saying what will you have for an Xmas gift?

And the Huns will answer—Peace. Be good till I come again.

Sunny Jim

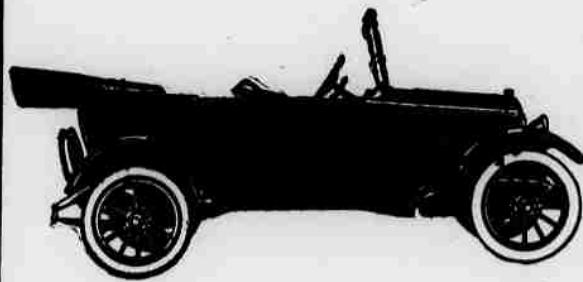
Five Years for a Pro-German.

Carl Gleaser, former editor of the Staats-Zeitung, a German paper published in Kansas City, was Monday sentenced to five years in the Leavenworth penitentiary by Federal Judge Arba Van Valkenburg, for violation of the Espionage Law.

Gleaser's friends asked the Judge for clemency on the ground that he had not written the articles complained of as he was only the managing editor of the paper, but the court held that as editor he was responsible for what appeared in the paper. It was also found that he had been in communication with enemies of the United States in Mexico.

In pronouncing sentence Judge Van Valkenburg said: "Small sentences do. We must be severe with these cases, and put the propaganda where they belong."

Do You Know the Terms of that 22,000 Mile Test?



Maxwell Motor Cars

5-Pass. Car . . . \$ 825
Roadster 825
5-Pass. Car with All-Weather Top . . . 935
5-Pass. Sedan . . . 1275
6-Pass. Town Car 1275
All prices f. o. b. Detroit
Wire wheels regular equipment with Spidee and Town Car

Official Figures of the Test

	Daily Mileage	Average Miles Per Gallon
Nov. 23	511.9	22.2
" 24	551.4	22.82
" 25	537.4	21.49
" 26	505.9	22.47
" 27	516.5	21.70
" 28	509.6	23.02
" 29	515.5	26.40
" 30	480.1	22.80
Dec. 1	498.8	23.99
" 2	484.6	21.77
" 3	506.6	20.71
" 4 Rain	438.9	19.51
" 5	502.7	19.44
" 6	539.1	21.99
" 7	505.0	22.35
" 8	493.3	22.03
" 9	472.6	21.33
" 10	477.7	23.43
" 11	495.2	23.82
" 12	540.1	23.56
" 13	539.3	23.18
" 14 Rain	465.9	23.85
" 15	523.1	22.95
" 16	539.1	21.99
" 17	492.8	22.09
" 18	512.0	21.72
" 19	525.9	23.33
" 20	527.5	23.44
" 21	496.8	24.50
" 22	490.8	22.50
" 23	487.1	23.13
" 24	480.5	21.75
" 25	477.5	22.83
" 26	492.6	22.30
" 27	487.1	19.79
" 28	477.4	18.91
" 29	523.9	18.30
" 30	466.9	20.34
" 31	504.9	21.08
Jan. 1	501.4	19.82
" 2 Rain	451.8	20.07
" 3 Rain	479.1	21.56
" 4 Rain	455.6	19.82
" 5 Rain	562.5	19.10

Elapsed time . . . 44 days
Total mileage . . . 22,022 miles
Average speed per hour . . . 25 miles
Average day's run . . . 500.6 miles
Longest day's run . . . 562.5 miles
Average miles per gal. . . 22 miles
Smallest day's mileage . . . 438.9 miles
Greatest average miles per gallon . . . 26.40 miles
Average tire life . . . 28,335 miles
Average tire life . . . 7,875 miles

*Note that longest day's run was made on last day of the test.



JEFFERSON HIGHWAY GARAGE
WILCOX BROS., Props.
200 N. Main Tel. 2 BUTLER, MO.

You know, of course, that the Maxwell Motor Car is the long distance champion of the world.

You have read that a "stock" Maxwell 5-passenger car ran for 44 days and nights without stopping the motor.

And that, in the 44 days non-stop test, the Maxwell covered 22,022 miles, at an average speed of 25 miles per hour.

But have you, up to now, realized the full significance of that performance?

Do you know that no other motor car in the world has ever equalled or even approached that performance?

In a word, did you take this test seriously when you heard of it?

Or did you set it down as a "selling stunt" to give the publicity man something to talk about?

It's worth your while to read and to study the conditions under which that test was made.

You know that the American Automobile Association (familiarly known as the "A.A.A.") is the official arbiter of every automobile test and contest.

But perhaps you didn't know that when a maker places his product under A.A.A. supervision he must do absolutely as told and abide by the decisions of the Board.

That's why there are so few A.A.A. Official Records!

This 22,000-mile Maxwell non-stop test was official from start to finish.

Therein lies its value to you.

It proves absolutely the quality of the car—of the very Maxwell you buy.

For verily this was a "stock" Maxwell. Listen:—

First: the inspectors disassembled the motor to see that no special pistons, valves, bearing-metal or other parts had been used.

Every other unit was as critically inspected. Then the car was re-assembled under their own supervision.

As we had much at stake and the test was made in winter (November 23 to January 5) we asked permission to take certain little precautions against accidental stoppage.

Sounds reasonable, doesn't it?

But they refused permission to do any such thing.

For example:—They would not permit a rubber cover over the magneto—it wasn't "stock."

They refused to let us tape the ignition wire terminals—they are not taped on the Maxwells we sell—so of course it wasn't "stock."

Neither would they let us use a spiral coiled pipe in place of the usual straight one from tank to carburetor to guard against a breakage from the constant, unremitting vibration—it isn't "stock."

Nor to use a special high priced foreign make of spark plug—the run was made on the same spark plugs with which all Maxwells are equipped.

So rigid were the rules, we were unable to carry a spare tire on the rear—it wasn't "stock." A telegram to headquarters in New York finally brought a special permit to carry a spare tire.

"It isn't stock!" "It isn't stock!"

That was the laconic reply of those A.A.A. inspectors to every last suggestion that called for anything but the precise condition of the standard, stock model Maxwell that any customer can buy from any one of 3000 dealers anywhere.

We are glad now—mighty glad—that the rules were so strict and so rigidly enforced.

Any other car that ever attempts to equal that record must do it under official supervision—and comply with the same terms.

And it will have to go some.

For Maxwell set the standard when it performed this wonderful feat.

Maxwell complied with those rules—and made good.

Every drop of gasoline and oil and water was measured out and poured in by the inspectors themselves. They would not even let our man pour it in!

Every four hours the car had to report at the official station for checking.

And it had to be there on the minute.

And every minute there was an inspector beside the driver on the front seat—two more men in the rear. One got out only to let another in—day and night for 44 days and nights!

There was one technical stop.

It is interesting to know the circumstances.

Dead of night—a driving storm—a cloudburst—suddenly another car appeared in the road ahead.

In his effort to avoid a collision the Maxwell driver stalled his motor.

At least the observers thought it stopped and so reported.

The car did not stop, however, so its momentum again started the motor (if it had indeed stalled) when the clutch was let in.

The contest board exonerated our driver on grounds that his action was necessary to save life.

That shows you how rigid were the rules—how conscientiously applied by the observers.

You who have owned and driven motor cars—you who know how small a thing may clog a carburetor or a feed pipe; "short" a spark or stall a motor—will realize what a wonderfully well made car this must be to go through that test under those conditions—44 days—22,022 miles without stopping.

The exact amount of gasoline, of oil, of water used; the tire mileage, tire troubles, tire changes; the distance and the routes are matters of official record, attested under oath and guaranteed by the A. A. A.

(By the way, the average was nearly 10,000 miles per tire.)

Any Maxwell owner—or anyone interested may see those records.

And—here's the most wonderful part—though no attempt was or could be made for economy; the Maxwell averaged 22 miles per gallon of gasoline.

Some other car may, some time, equal some one of those performances. But to equal them all in the same test—that car must be a Maxwell.